

CRIME

SMASHERS

THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!

MAY, No. 10
10¢

YOU'RE **THROUGH**, YOU RAT!
YOU MADE YOUR WORST MISTAKE
WHEN YOU PULLED THAT GUN
ON ME!

OH! I'M GLAD THE LAW
CAUGHT UP WITH THAT RACKETEER
AT LAST. HE HAS BEEN
TERRORIZING THIS WHOLE
NEIGHBORHOOD —



Featuring:

SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE

CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



GAIL FORD... GIRL FRIDAY

12
"DIME-A-DANCE DEATH!"

The early-morning discovery of a floating body brings Inspector Madson of homicide and Mac, his assistant, to the waterfront...

by KEATS PETREE



LATER, IN MADSON'S OFFICE...

HIS POCKETS WERE CLEANED OUT BY THE KILLER! THE ONLY LEAD IS THIS TICKET FROM THE "SUNSET PAVILION"... A WATERFRONT DIME-A-DANCE PLACE! IT WAS CAUGHT IN A SEAM OF HIS COAT! NOW, GAIL, OUR ONLY CHANCE...

I KNOW, CHIEF! GAIL, THE GUMSHOE, BECOMES A TAXI DANCER, AND WALTZES AROUND FOR CLUES!

I KNEW YOU'D DO IT, OKAY, MAC... ON TO THE "SUNSET PAVILION"! MY FEET ARE ACHING ALREADY!



UNDER MAC'S WATCHFUL EYE, GAIL JOINS THE "HOSTESSES" AT THE "SUNSET PAVILION". A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

OW! AVAST THERE, SAILOR! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE HEADED! YOU'RE STEERING ONTO MY TOES!

I'M LOOKIN' FER A BLONDE NAMED MAE! MY BUDDY HAPPY LEFT HERE WITH HER A WEEK AGO, AND I AIN'T SEEN HIM SINCE!



SENSING A LEAD, GAIL PUMPS HER PARTNER...

HARRY SOUNDS LIKE QUITE A LADIES' MAN!

OH, HE'S A SLICK ONE! BRITISHER... SMOOTH... USED TO BE A BUTLER FOR SOME UPTOWN SOCIETY MUG BEFORE HE TOOK TO THE SEA!

SOCIETY MUG? SOUNDS INTERESTING! WHO WAS IT?

MAN NAMED ALBERT... SOMETHING LIKE THAT, SAY! THERE'S MAE NOW!



MAE! WANNA TALK TO YUH! WHERE'S HARRY?

I DUNNO WHAT YER TALKIN' ABOUT!

LEGOO HER, MATE!



WHERE IS HE? YUH LEFT HERE WIT' HIM!

I TOLD YUH TO LAY OFF, MATE!





INSTANTLY THE DANCE HALL IS A RAGING BEDLAM AS THE ROUGH-AND-READY CUSTOMERS EAGERLY PITCH INTO THE BRAWL! UNABLE TO KEEP AN EYE ON GAIL, MAC IS PINNED AGAINST THE WALL!

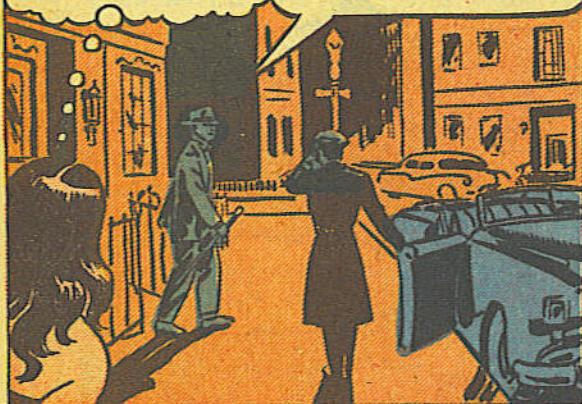




NEAR SPENCER ALBERT'S LAVISH HOME, GAIL SEES...

IT'S ALBERT!
GOING FOR A
DRIVE AT 3 A.M.!

I'LL TAKE THE CAR,
JAMES...I WON'T NEED
YOU ANYMORE TONIGHT!



AS ALBERT'S CAR PULLS AWAY
FROM THE CURB, GAIL TAKES A
DESPERATE CHANCE...

HOPPING CARS IS DANGEROUS...
BUT IT'S MY ONLY HOPE
OF TAILING HIM!



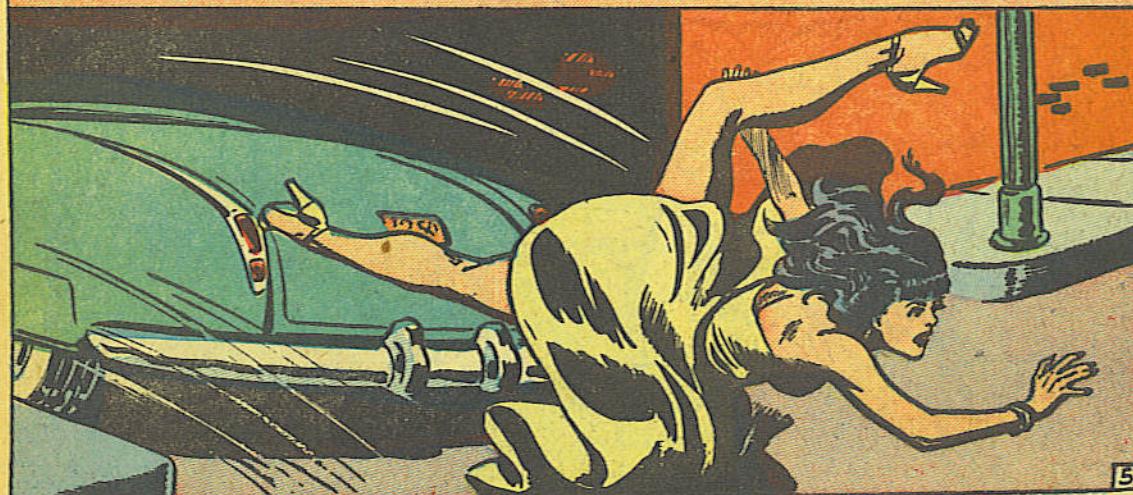
LOOKS LIKE ALBERT'S HEADED FOR
THE WATERFRONT! MAC WILL BE TRYING
TO LOCATE ME! MAYBE IF I SCATTER
THESE DANCE TICKETS THROUGH THE
STREETS, HE CAN PICKUP THE TRAIL!



IT'S THE WATERFRONT, ALL RIGHT!
MY HUNCH PAID OFF! IF I CAN
JUST HANG ON...



BUT THE SPEEDING CAR MAKES A SUDDEN SHARP TURN AND GAIL
IS THROWN CLEAR!



MINUTES LATER, THE DAZED GAIL PULLS HERSELF TO HER FEET...

ALBERT'S CAR! PARKED AT THE END OF THE ALLEY! AND THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE HARBOR SHACK THERE!



QUITE A SPOT YOU PICKED FOR A RENDEZVOUS, MAE! YOU'VE CHANGED A LOT IN SEVEN YEARS!

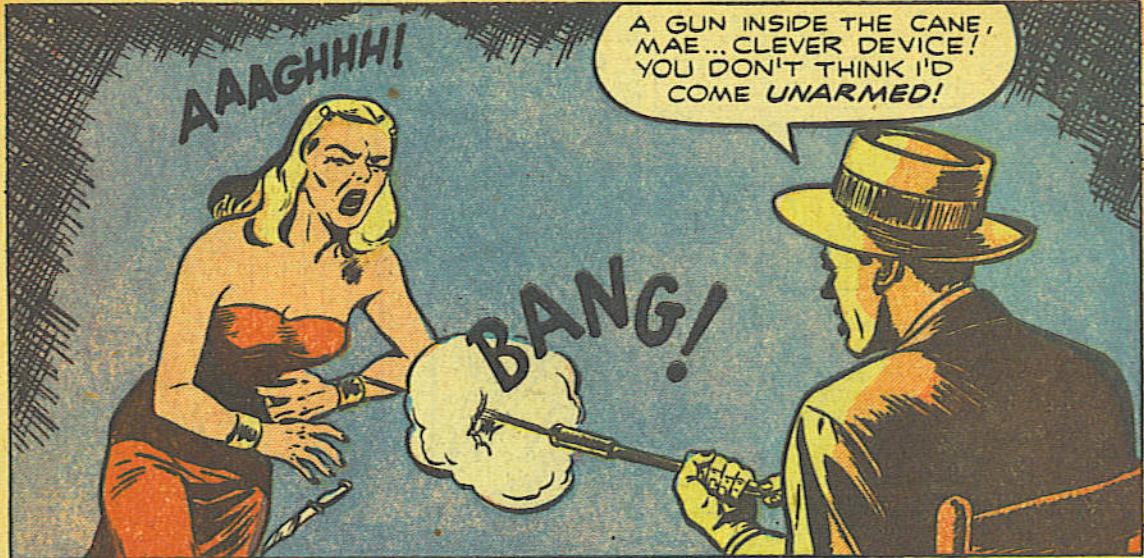
HOW ABOUT YOU...MR. SPENCER ALBERT! YOU SURE CHANGED FROM THE TIME YOU WERE PLAIN AL SPENCE...KING OF THE DOPE RACKET!



NOW I KNOW. BUT WHY CALL ME TONIGHT?

BECUSE I'M SICK O' HIDIN'! YOU HAD A BUTLER...HARRY! HE KNEW I WAS YOUR GIRL! I HADDA TAKE CARE O' HIM TO KEEP HIM QUIET...AND I DECIDED TO TAKE CARE O' YOU THE SAME WAY!

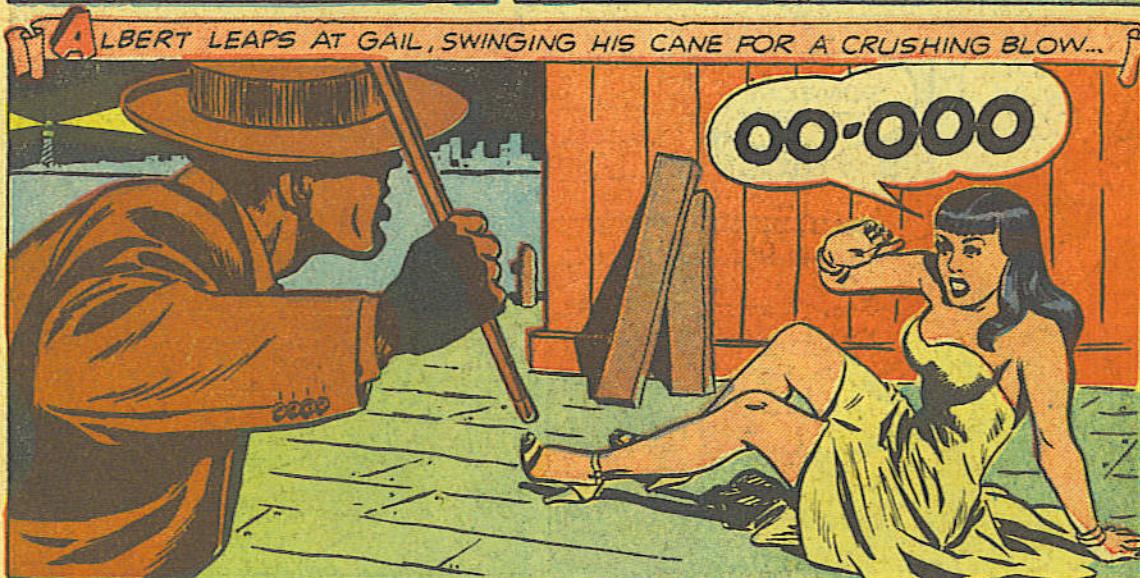




SIENTLY THE KILLER STALKS
GAIL THROUGH THE GRIM
DARKNESS, AS THE WAVES LAP
QUIETLY UNDER THE PIER...



SUDDENLY THERE IS A NOISE!
OHH!
A RAT!!



BUT ALBERT SEEMS TO STOP IN MID-AIR, THEN TWIST AND CRUMBLE!

JUST
IN TIME!
MAC! THANK
HEAVENS!



I COMBED THE
WATERFRONT, AND
FINALLY PICKED UP
YOUR TRAIL OF
TICKETS! WHO IS...
OR WAS...THIS GUY?

A FORMER GANGSTER
TURNED RESPECTABLE!
I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT
LATER, MAC! RIGHT NOW
I WANT TO RELAX.
THIS NIGHT LIFE IS
KILLING ME...IT
ALMOST DID!



LOOK FOR GAIL'S NEW CASE NEXT ISSUE...

DAN TURNER

: HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE :

~(IN~ "DEATH TRUMPS THE JOKER"

ALTAMONT CAMERAMAN CHUCK BOONE,
HOLLYWOOD'S MOST NOTORIOUS PRACTICAL
JOKER, CHATS WITH DAN TURNER IN A
GIN MILL ~

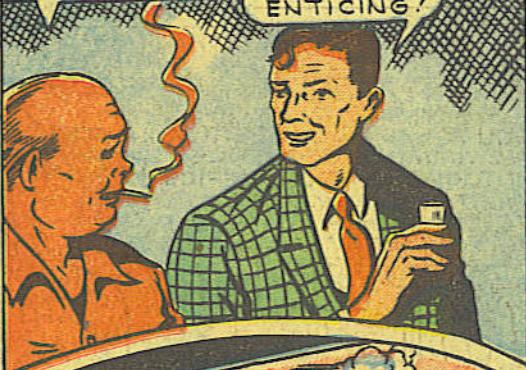
HERE'S A PASS TO STAGE SIX,
SHERLOCK! DON'T MISS BEING
THERE TOMORROW MORNING!
I'VE RIGGED THE BIGGEST JOKE
OF MY CAREER!

WHO'S THE
GOAT OF
THE
CAPER?

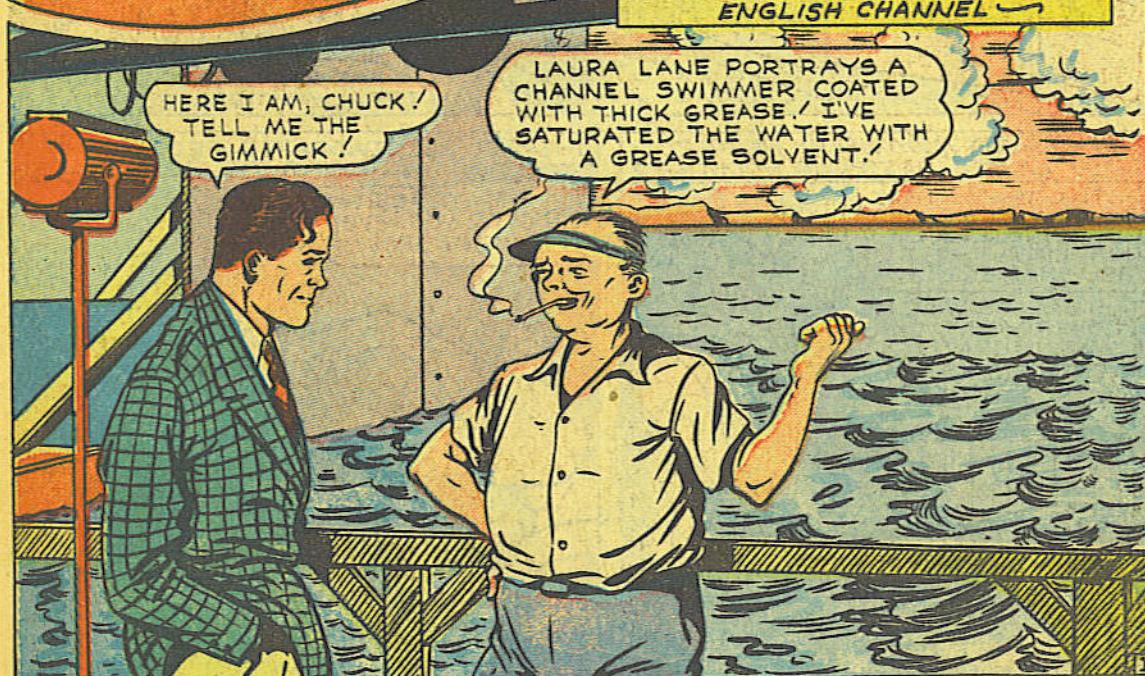
STORY: ROB'T PICTURES: MAX
LESLIE BELLEM PLAISTED

IT'S LAURA LANE, OUR NEWEST
STAR --- THE GAL WITH THE GOR-
GEous BUILD AND THE EXCESSIVE
MODESTY! YOU'LL SEE A LOT
OF HER, PHILO!

SOUNDS
ENTICING!

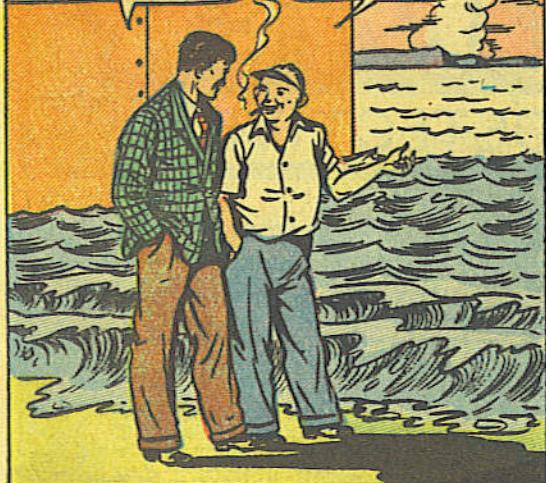


NEXT DAY TURNER VISITS SOUND
STAGE SIX, A TANK SET RE-
PRESENTING A PORTION OF THE
ENGLISH CHANNEL ~



YIPE! THAT WILL MELT ALL THE GOO OFF HER!

CORRECT! IT WILL BE A SWIM-STRIP TEASE!



BUT THE LANE QUAIL IS SO MODEST SHE'LL BE EMBARRASSED TO DEATH!

SHUCKS, NOBODY EVER DIED OF BLUSHING! AND THINK OF THE LAUGHS WE'LL GET. SHE WOULD NEVER LET HERSELF BE PHOTOGRAPHED IN A BATHING SUIT.



PENNY VERNON, PERT ALTAMONT PRESS AGENT, BRINGS SOME NEWSPAPER COLUMNISTS ON STAGE~

THOUGH LAURA LANE IS NOTED FOR HER SHYNESS AND MODESTY, TODAY YOU FOLKS WILL SEE HER IN A SWIMMING SEQUENCE! IT TOOK THE FRONT OFFICE A LOT OF ARGUMENT TO PERSUADE HER TO MAKE THIS PICTURE!



BRING HER ON!
I'M DROOLING!

NOW WE'LL FIND OUT IF SHE WEARS FALSIES, AS I'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED!

LAURA LANE'S MAID HELPS HER GET READY IN HER DRESSING ROOM~

I STILL THINK THEY SHOULD LET ME WEAR A SUIT INSTEAD OF THIS LITTLE! I FEEL SHAMELESS!

THIS GREASE WILL COVER YOU, MISS LAURA!



THERE'LL BE NEWSPAPER PEOPLE WATCHING THE SCENE!

BUT THE GREASE WILL BE ALL OVER YOU. EVEN THE SUIT WON'T SHOW.



PACE BY TWO SUPPORTING HAMS IN A ROWBOAT,
THE LANE DOLL STARTS HER PHONY CHANNEL-SWIM



GLAD IN A TOWEL, LAURA CLIMBS FROM THE TANK AND ACCUSES THE WRONG PERSON

YOU PUT SOLVENT IN THE WATER, PENNY VERNON! IT WAS ONE OF YOUR CHEAP PRESS-AGENT TRICKS!



YOU SHAMED ME!
NOW I'LL SHAME YOU!

CUT IT OUT!



BY RIGHTS I OUGHT TO MURDER YOU!

QUIT IT, YOU IDIOT!



THERE! I HOPE YOU DROWN!



TURNER TACKLES LAURA AN INSTANT BEFORE SHE CAN HURL A HEAVY LAMP AT PENNY'S HEAD

LET GO OF ME! I'LL BRAIN HER!

IX-NAY! YOU'RE PITCHING AT THE WRONG PARTY!



ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN JOE FARLEY DIVES TO PENNY'S RESCUE

HELP! I'M DROWNING! I--CAN'T--SWIM!

I'LL SAVE YOU, BABY!



(A) AS CHUCK BOONE OPENS HIS CAMERA,
TURNER GIVES HIM A TONGUE-LASHING.

YOU'RE PRACTICAL JOKE
WAS PRETTY SHABBY,
BUSTER!

TURNED INTO
A HECK OF A
HASSE, HUNK/
HAWKSHAW!



YEAH, BUT LAURA MIGHT HAVE
CROAKED PENNY, YOU HEEL!

SO WHAT? I NOT ONLY GOT
MY FOOTAGE OF THE SWIM
STRIP-TEASE, BUT OF THE
STRIP-TEASE FIGHT, TOO!



Laura Lane overhears Boone's admission of guilt

OH-H-H, PENNY, I'M SO
SORRY I ACCUSED YOU!
IT WAS CHUCK BOONE
WHO PUT SOLVENT IN
THE TANK! WILL YOU
PLEASE FORGIVE ME?

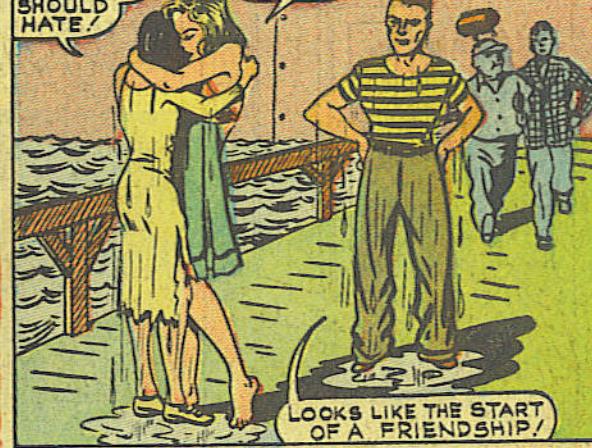
I G-GUESS I W-WILL,
IF I EVER G-GET THE
WATER WRUNG OUT OF
ME!



THE GIRLS TEARFULLY EMBRACE

I'M NOT SURE AT
YOU, BOONE IS
THE LOUSE
WE BOTH
SHOULD
HATE!

B-BOO-HOO! TO THINK
I SUSPECTED YOU OF
HIS NASTY PRACTICAL
JOKE!



LOOKS LIKE THE START
OF A FRIENDSHIP!

THEN THEY BOTH OVERHEAR MORE OF BOONE'S
TALK TO TURNER

THINK OF THE FUN I'LL HAVE
PROJECTING THIS REEL! MAY-
BE I'LL SELL SOME CLIPS AND
MAKE A FORTUNE!

LET'S TAKE IT
AWAY FROM HIM!

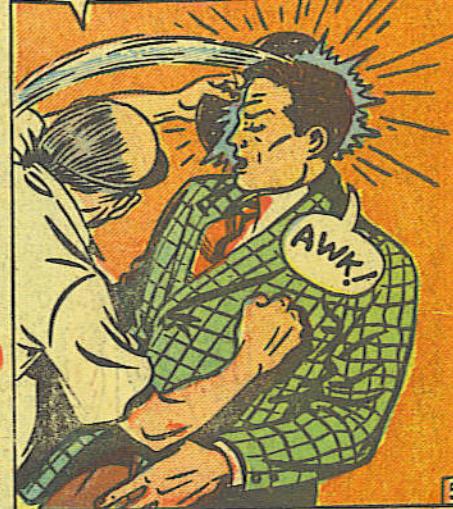
YES, EVEN IF WE
HAVE TO TEAR
HIM APART TO
GET IT!



GIVE ME THE SPOOL
SO I CAN DESTROY
IT, YOU LOUSE!

NUTS! THE FILM IS MINE!
I'M KEEPING IT!

AWK!



BOONE VANISHES SOMEWHERE ON THE ALTAMONT LOT

NO USE CHASING BOONE ANY FURTHER! YOU KIDS BETTER DRY AND PUT SOME THREADS ON YOUR CURVES!

LANE C



COME INTO MY DRESSING ROOM, PENNY! I'LL LEND YOU ONE OF MY FROCKS!

GEE, LAURA, THANKS, BUT I'LL NEVER FILL IT OUT AS WELL AS YOU!

LANE E



DAN WANDERS ALONG THE HALL

HEY! THAT CLOSET DOOR WAS CLOSED THE LAST TIME I CAME THIS WAY!



HE PEERS INTO THE CLOSET

CRIPES, IT'S BOONE! HE'S DECEASED! SOMEBODY BASHED IN HIS CONK AND OPENED THE FILM MAGAZINE --- FOGGED THE NEGATIVE!



LAURA AND PENNY ARRIVE --- AND JUMP TO A CONCLUSION

GOSH, GUMSHOE, DID YOU TELL ON US? WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO K-KILL HIM TO TELL ON YOU, PHILO! AND SAVE OUR REPUTATIONS?



JUST A CONFOUNDED MINUTE! I WAS WONDERING IF YOU QUAILS SNEAKED FROM THE DRESSING ROOM BY A BACK DOOR AND PULLED THIS CROAKERY YOURSELVES!



TURNER'S BLURT CAUSES LAURA TO SCREAM AND FAINT.



THE SCREAM BRINGS THE REPORTERS TO THE SCENE ~

BOONE'S BEEN MURDERED! TURNER THREATENED HIM! SO DID PENNY AND LAURA! BETTER HOLD ALL OF THEM FOR THE COPS!



RUN, GUMSHOE!

YES--QUICK--GET AWAY!



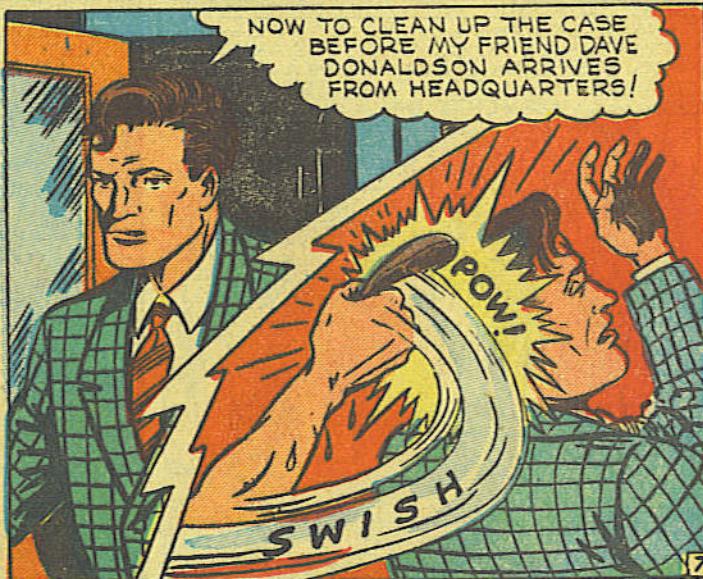
SOME BODY PHONE THE HOMICIDE BUREAU!

TURNER PHONES THE STUDIO FRONT OFFICE A QUESTION AND GETS THE RIGHT ANSWER.

YEAH, I FIGURED THAT WAS THE SETUP! THANKS!



NOW TO CLEAN UP THE CASE BEFORE MY FRIEND DAVE DONALDSON ARRIVES FROM HEADQUARTERS!



WHEN TURNER AWAKES, DONALDSON IS SHAKING HIM —

QUIT PLAYING POSSUM, GUMSHOE! WHO MACED YOU
AND LEFT YOU IN THIS POOL OF WATER?
THE WATER IS THE BIG CLUE ---

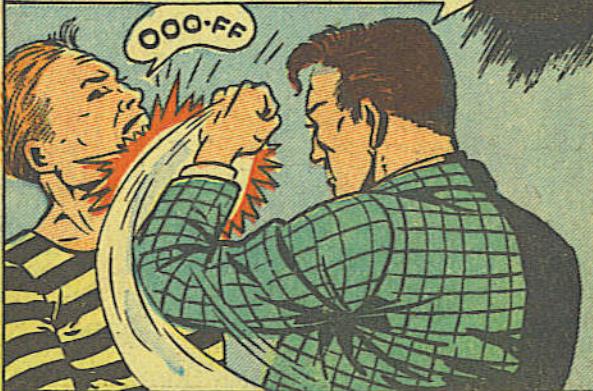
PHONES



AND ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN JOE FARLEY
IS THE KILLER! I FOUND OUT FARLEY
WOULD INHERIT BOONE'S JOB --- AS
FIRST CAMERAMAN! THAT WAS HIS
CROAKERY MOTIVE! YOU'RE OUT OF
YOUR HEAD, FLATFOOT!



THERE WAS WATER NEAR BOONE'S BODY
--- AND WATER WHERE YOU LEFT ME
AFTER CONKING ME! YOUR CLOTHES
WERE DRIPPING FROM A DIVE IN THE
TANK, BUT NO MOISTURE DRIPPED
FROM LAURA OR PENNY! HAVE A
TASTE OF FIST-MEDICINE, PAL!



TAKE HIM TO THE GOW, DAVE! HE SAW AN
OPPORTUNITY TO BUMP BOONE AND
TURN SUSPICION ON LAURA, PENNY AND
MYSELF! BUT HIS SOAKED
GARMENTS GAVE HIM AWAY!



OKAY KIDS, THE EMBARRASSING REEL IS
RUINED AND THE KILL IS SOLVED! I'VE
LAMPED ENOUGH OF YOU DOLLS TO
CRAVE TO KNOW YOU BETTER. LET'S ALL
HAVE A DATE FOR DINNER TONIGHT.



RAY HALE

NEWS
ACE

"The SINISTER GUEST!"

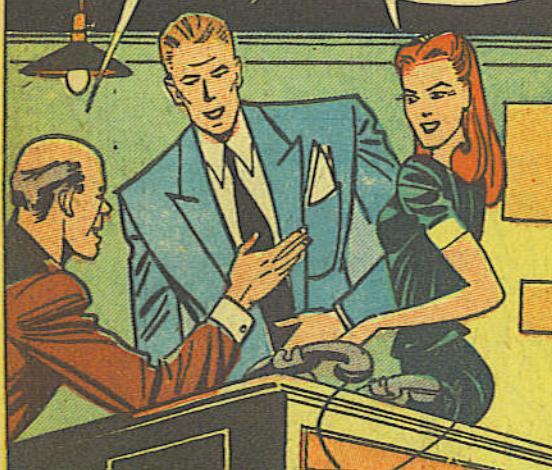
by NEWT ALFRED

ONE DAY, RAY HALE, STAR REPORTER, AND RUTH MERIDEN, ONE OF THE "SOB SISTERS" OF THE "CLARION", ARE CALLED OVER BY THEIR CITY EDITOR, WHO HAS A HOT LEAD FOR THEM...

THERE'S A DELEGATION FROM IRAQ IN TOWN TO NEGOTIATE SOME OIL CONCESSIONS...THEY OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR A COUPLE OF FEATURES.

SURE ... I'LL GET THE POLITICAL ANGLE!

DID THEY BRING THEIR HAREMS?

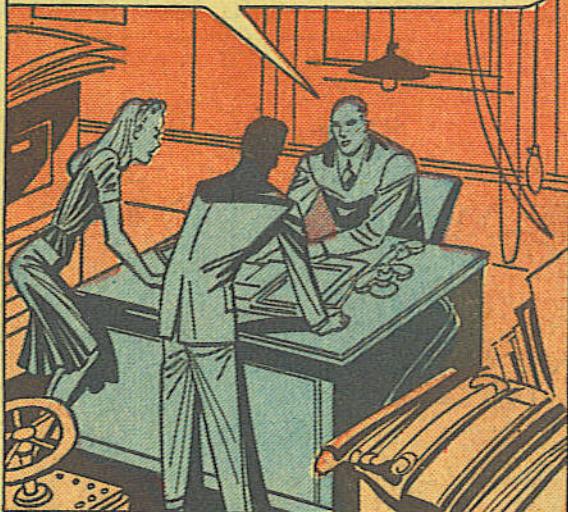


THE DELEGATION IS BEING ENTERTAINED TONIGHT AT THE BIG PHELPS ESTATE OUTSIDE OF TOWN. INSTEAD OF PRESS PASSES, I GOT YOU REAL INVITATIONS!

GOSH, I'LL FEEL STRANGE IN EVENING CLOTHES! I'D LOVE TO GO!



NOW LISTEN TO THIS...AN INTERNATIONAL SPY KNOWN ONLY AS "THE OWL" IS RUMORED TO BE IN TOWN, TOO! THERE MIGHT BE A REASON...THIS FOREIGN OIL DEAL, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN! NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THIS SPY LOOKS LIKE... JUST THAT HE WEARS GLASSES!



THAT EVENING, HALE CALLS FOR RUTH...

BABY, YOU'RE A DREAM!

GLAD YOU APROVE, RAY. LET'S GET GOING!



THE RECEPTION IS A BRILLIANT EVENT...

THAT'S CORA ZENDER
WITH HAFIZ BEY. I HEAR SHE'S A
POPULAR HOSTESS ABROAD. SHE
KNOWS ALL THE BIG SHOTS!



LATER, RUTH MEETS MME.
ZENDER...

I ALWAYS LIKE TO MEET
THE PRESS! DO COME TO
TEA TOMORROW.

LOVE
TO ...



SOME TIME LATER, THERE IS A
SUDDEN COMMOTION...

WHAT'S
WRONG?

SOMEBODY'S IN
THERE ... HURT!



A MEMBER OF THE DELEGATION LIES
DEAD BEYOND THE CURTAIN...

IT'S MURDER! AND WITH A KNIFE!
LOOK AT THAT MARK
ON HIS THROAT!



THIS IS SERIOUS, GENTLEMEN! SOME
IMPORTANT PAPERS ARE MISSING!



IN A CORRIDOR...

WHAT'S THIS?

SOMEONE WHACKED
ME DOWN... A MAN
WITH GLASSES!

LET'S
LOOK
OUTSIDE...

THERE HE GOES!



WITH A VICIOUS SWING, THE OWL
KNOCKS RUTH BACKWARD...



WELL... I GUESS
HE GOT AWAY!

WHAT
HAVE
YOU
THERE?

I'VE FOUND A VERY
IMPORTANT CLUE! IN FACT,
I PRACTICALLY KNOW
WHO THE OWL IS!

THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

IT WAS NICE
OF YOU TO
INVITE ME.

I CAN INTRODUCE YOU
TO LOTS OF IMPORTANT
PEOPLE. MAYBE YOU
CAN BE OF USE TO
ME, TOO!

WHAT A CURIOUS
RING... MAY I HOLD IT?

WELL... JUST FOR
A MOMENT!

JUST THEN, A SERVANT
REQUESTS MME. ZENDER'S
URGENT ATTENTION...

AS HER HOSTESS
LEAVES THE ROOM,
RUTH ACTS FAST...

...AND LEAVES BY THE
NEAREST WINDOW!



THAT NIGHT, HALE VISITS RUTH, AND WHEN HE LEAVES...

RAY, I'VE GOT A SWELL THAT'S OKAY, BABY. YOU'RE USE THE SCOOP IN THE ENTITLED TO FIRST EDITION BREAK THE TOMORROW. STORY! GOOD NIGHT!



A BLOCK AWAY, HALE MISSES HIS GLOVES AND TURNS BACK...

GOSH, THIS FOG IS ROLLING IN FAST...I WONDER IF RUTH IS STILL UP...



WHERE'S THE RING YOU STOLE?



AS SOON AS HALE LEAVES, A SINISTER FIGURE GLIDES FROM THE ADJOINING ROOM...

DON'T UTTER A SOUND, OR I'LL SHOOT!

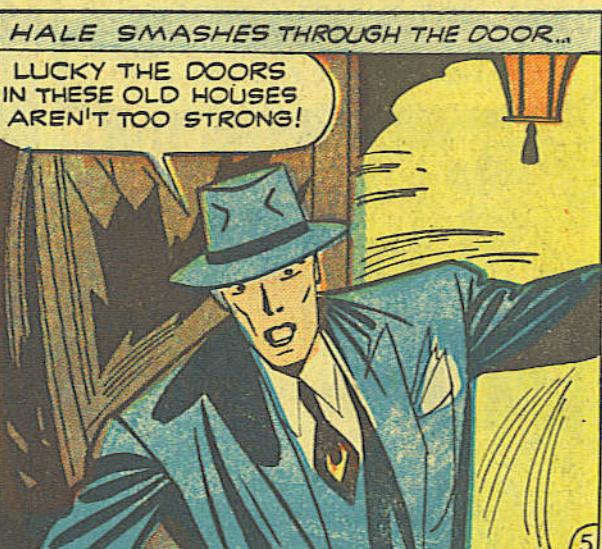


HE HEARS A PIERCING SCREAM... IT COMES FROM RUTH'S APARTMENT...



HALE SMASHES THROUGH THE DOOR...

LUCKY THE DOORS IN THESE OLD HOUSES AREN'T TOO STRONG!



THE INTRUDER BEATS A HASTY RETREAT...



THE FLEEING FIGURE STEALS A CAR...



HALE AND RUTH RACE DOWNSTAIRS...

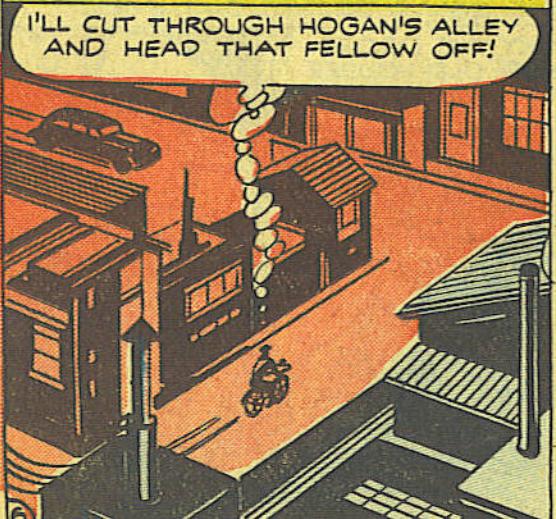


RUTH LUCKILY PICKS UP A MOTORCYCLE COP...



THE COP TAKES A SHORT CUT...

I'LL CUT THROUGH HOGAN'S ALLEY AND HEAD THAT FELLOW OFF!



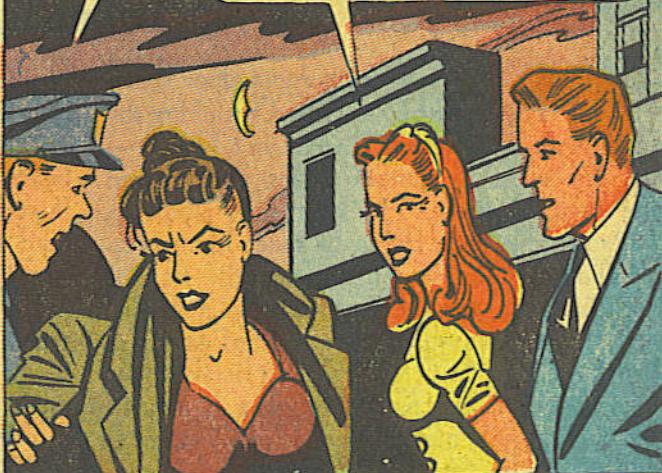
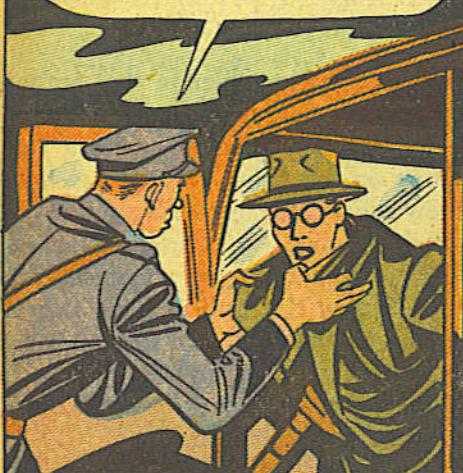
THE WILY COP STOPS THE FLEEING CAR...

PULL UP, THERE!

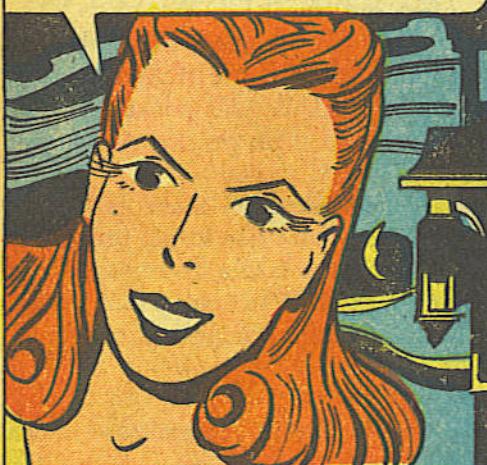


COME OUTA THERE, YOU THIEF! I KNOW THIS CAR, AND IT ISN'T YOURS!

WHY... IT'S A DAME! I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! IT'S CORA ZENDERS, ALIAS THE OWL!



I SUSPECTED HER WHEN I FOUND A BIT OF HER EVENING DRESS ON THE WALL. REMEMBER, RAY?



LATER, BACK IN THE "CLARION" OFFICE...

HERE'S THE RING SHE USED TO KILL THE DIPLOMAT! IT HIDES A SMALL KNIFE WHICH CARRIES A DEADLY POISON!

GOOD WORK, RUTH!



SHE'S A SMART GIRL... AND A SWEET ONE!



NOW I'LL WRITE MY STORY TO SHOW HOW SMART I AM! LATER, RAY, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW SWEET I CAN BE...

IT'S A DATE, BABY!



LOOK FOR RAY HALE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

SALLY the SLEUTH

in "DEATH WATCH"

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE I WANT TO DISCUSS WITH YOU. LAST NIGHT, MY FUNERAL PARLOR WAS BROKEN INTO BY AN INTRUDER. THE BACK DOOR LOCK WAS CLEVERLY REMOVED AND LATER REPLACED.

THE CHIEF, A PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND SALLY, HIS GIRL ASSISTANT, RECEIVE A VISIT FROM HERMAN BICKEL, THE PROPRIETOR OF THE LEADING UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT OF THEIR CITY ...

ANYTHING STOLEN?

NO-NOT A THING. BUT I CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING UPSET JUST NOW. I'M HANDLING THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BURIAL OF OLD AMOS CRANE, THE RICH BANKER WHO DIED YESTERDAY.

THE CHIEF AND SALLY GO TO THE FUNERAL PARLOR, WHERE THEY MAKE A CAREFUL EXAMINATION...

THIS IS WHERE I HAD THE \$5,000. BRONZE CASKET FOR AMOS CRANE, BUT IT WASN'T STOLEN. IT'S NOW AT HIS HOUSE WITH HIM IN IT.

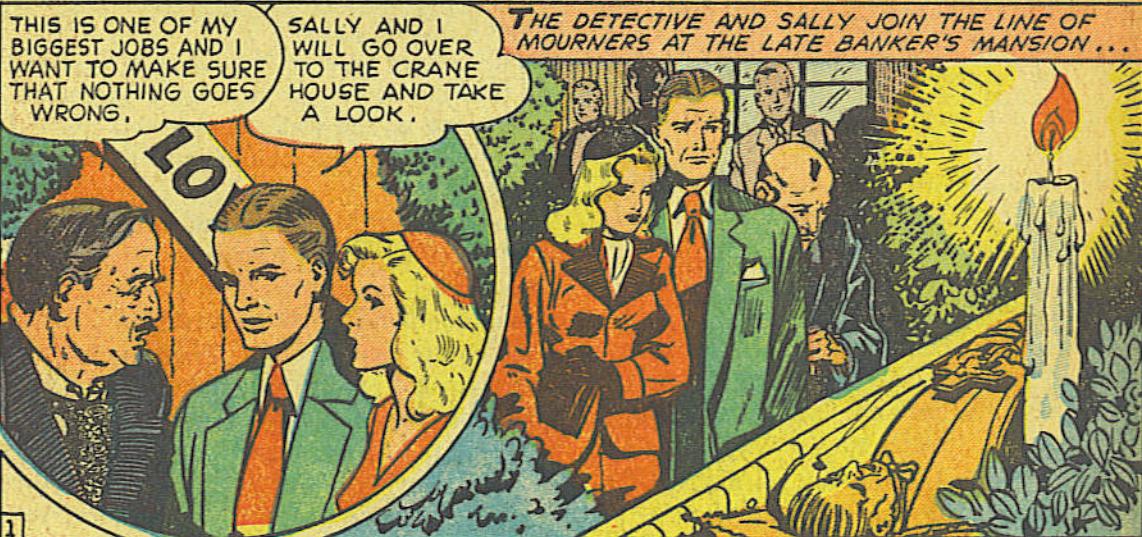
I'LL TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND HERE.
- HMM-M ...



THIS IS ONE OF MY BIGGEST JOBS AND I WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT NOTHING GOES WRONG.

SALLY AND I WILL GO OVER TO THE CRANE HOUSE AND TAKE A LOOK.

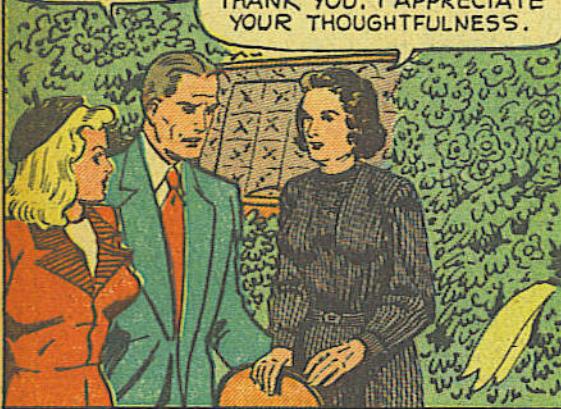
THE DETECTIVE AND SALLY JOIN THE LINE OF MOURNERS AT THE LATE BANKER'S MANSION...



THEY MEET THE BANKER'S WIDOW...

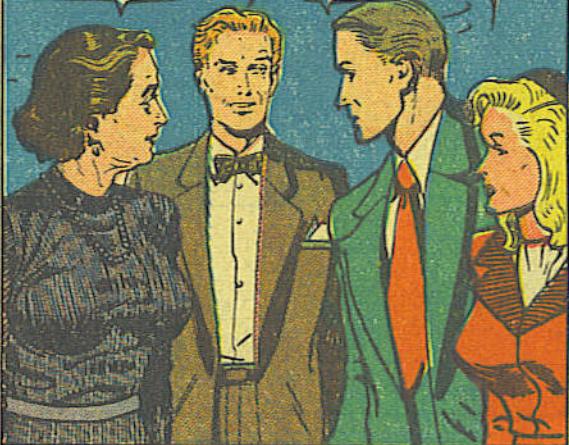
MY CONDOLENCES, MRS. CRANE. I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF YOUR LATE HUSBAND'S, AND I CAME JUST AS SOON AS I HEARD OF HIS PASSING. THIS IS MY SISTER.

THANK YOU, I APPRECIATE YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS.



A YOUNG MAN STEPS UP TO THE GROUP...

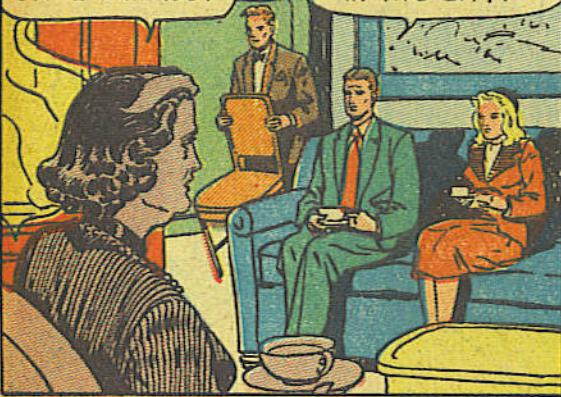
THIS IS MY NEPHEW FRED. 'LO HOW DO YOU DO? HELLO -



THE SLEUTHS KEEP UP THEIR PRETENSE...

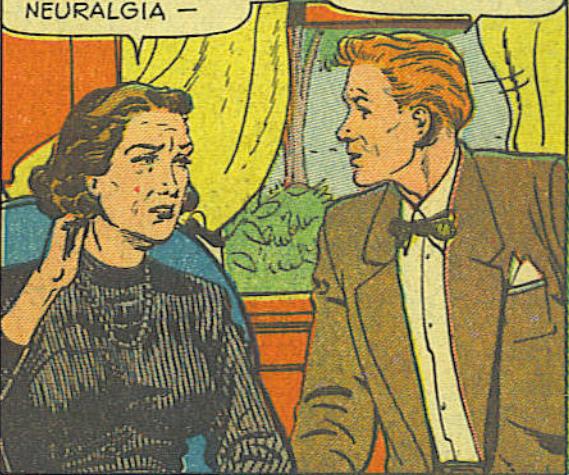
IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO COME ALL THE WAY FROM ANOTHER STATE. AMOS DIDN'T HAVE MANY CLOSE FRIENDS.

HE WAS A FINE CHAP AND A GOOD BUSINESS MAN. HE HANDLED MY INVESTMENTS IN THIS CITY.

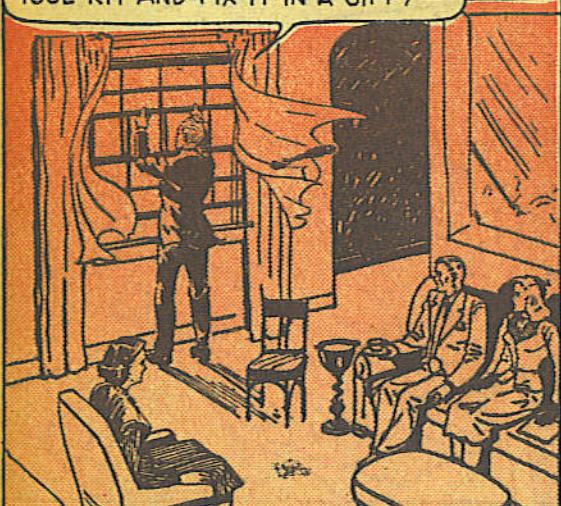


OH DEAR, THERE'S AN AWFUL DRAFT IN HERE. IT'S BAD FOR MY NEURALGIA —

IT'S FROM THAT WINDOW, AUNTIE. I'LL CLOSE IT.



IT'S STUCK - BUT DON'T WORRY. I'LL GET MY TOOL KIT AND FIX IT IN A JIFFY —



FRED GETS HIS TOOLS AND FIXES THE WINDOW...

THERE! IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

FRED'S SO HANDY WITH TOOLS, HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A MECHANIC.

WELL, MRS. CRANE, WE WILL HAVE TO GO NOW. SEE YOU TOMORROW.



IN THE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE...

HERE'S AN ARTICLE ON CRANE'S WILL. HE LEAVES EVERYTHING TO HIS WIDOW, AND AFTER HER DEATH IT GOES TO HER NEPHEW. IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THEM, THE MONEY GOES TO ORPHAN ASYLUMS.

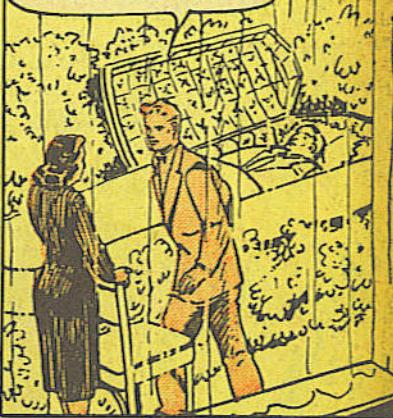


THAT NIGHT, AFTER ALL THE VISITORS HAVE LEFT, THE CHIEF AND SALLY ARE SNOOPING AROUND OUTSIDE THE CRANE MANSION...



INSIDE, FRED AND HIS AUNT ARE ALONE IN THE ROOM...

I'LL RE-ARRANGE THESE FLOWERS A BIT -



SUDDENLY, A GRUESOME, BLOOD-CURDLING THING HAPPENS -- THE DEAD MAN SITS STRAIGHT UP IN HIS CASKET !!!

EEEE-EEK!! AMOS!
HE'S MOVING! HE'S--AAAGH!!



HAVING SEEN ALL THROUGH THE WINDOW, THE DETECTIVES RUSH IN...

WHAT'S THIS! YOUR AUNT SCREAMED. LUCKY WE WERE NEARBY --

I'M AFRAID AUNTIE'S DEAD--HEART ATTACK!



THE BODY'S BACK IN PLACE AGAIN. FRED HASN'T SAID A WORD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED. I WONDER WHY--



AS FRED AND THE SERVANTS REMOVE THE DEAD WOMAN.

SALLY - SLIP OUT AND CALL THE COPS - QUICK!



ALONE FOR A WHILE, THE CHIEF LOOKS CURIOUSLY UNDER THE CASKET...

AH, MY SUSPICIONS WERE CORRECT!



THE POLICE SOON REACH THE SCENE ...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HEY - WHO CALLED THESE COPS? - WHAT'S THE IDEA?



I SENT FOR THEM, SALLY, GO TO HIS ROOM AND BRING HIS TOOL KIT HERE. IT WILL PROVE THAT MRS. CRANE WAS MURDERED - AND HER NEPHEW FRED IS HER KILLER!

IT'S A LIE!



THE TOOL KIT IS QUICKLY FOUND, AND THE CHIEF RECONSTRUCTS THE CASE ...

FRED BROKE INTO BICKEL'S MORTUARY PARLOR AND BORED HOLES IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BRONZE CASKET. I FOUND BRONZE DUST THERE, YOU'LL FIND IT ON HIS TOOLS TOO. HE RIGGED AN IRON BAR INSIDE THE BOTTOM TO RAISE THE BODY WHEN HE PRESSED A HIDDEN LEVER. HERE'S HOW -



THE CHIEF PRESSES THE LEVER HIDDEN BEHIND THE FLOWERS, AND --

LOOK - WELL - I'LL BE -- ! GOOD GRACIOUS! HOW HORRIBLE !!!



FRED MAKES A BREAK FOR THE DOOR...

HE WAS CLEVER,
ALL RIGHT, HE—
-HEY!

**GRAB
HIM!**

GET OUT OF
MY WAY!

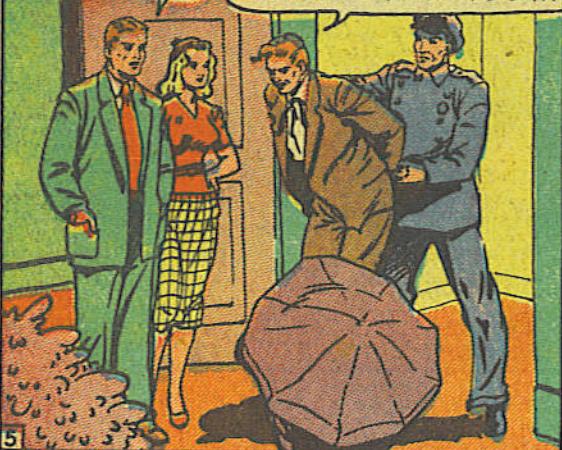


ALERT SALLY SPRINGS AND BRINGS DOWN
THE FUGITIVE WITH A FLYING TACKLE...



FRED KNEW OF HIS AUNT'S WEAK HEART, AND PLANNED TO SCARE HER TO DEATH AND THEN REMOVE HIS CONTRIVANCE BEFORE THE FUNERAL. LUCKY WE WERE OUTSIDE WATCHING.

YES—I GUESS YOU'RE TOO SMART FOR ME -- I DID IT.



HE COULDN'T WAIT TO GET HIS HANDS ON THE OLD MAN'S MONEY. NOW HE'LL PAY FOR HIS AUNT'S DEATH AND THE ORPHAN HOMES WILL GET ALL THE DOUGH.

ANOTHER POOR FOOL! I CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND, CHIEF, WHY PEOPLE DO SUCH AWFUL THINGS JUST FOR MONEY!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Trojan Magazines, Inc., 125 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.; Michael Estrow, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Anna Estrow, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Stanley M. Estrow, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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ADOLPHE BARREAU, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951, ALFRED YAFFE, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1952).